

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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The Telegraph.

BY C. F. CRANCH.

I.

The world of the Past was an infant;
It knew not the speech of to-day,
When giants sit talking from mountain to sea,
And the cities are wizards, who say:
The kingdom of magic is ours;
We touch a small clicking machine,
And the lands of the East hear the lands of the West,
With never a bar between.

II.

We need not the lamp of Aladdin;
We envy not Solomon's ring;
The obedient lightning is safe and tame
As the carrier-pigeon's wing.
The girdle that Shakespeare's fairy
Would lay round the earth in an hour,
We hold in our hands, and day by day
We prove its miraculous power.

III.

Know ye the musical, mystic
Chords of the century's lyre,
Common as copy-book lines to a boy—
The wonderful telegraph wire?
Strings that seem drawn by Arachne,
So fine on the air they are spun;
Yet netting the state in fraternal embrace,
And binding the nation in one.

IV.

From Boston to distant Nevada—
From Texas to Labrador's beach,
They thrill with a fire that is born of a fire—
Thought flashed in electrical speech.
And the great World is dumb no longer,
Nor time nor space are a bar:
Minnesota is talking with Georgia and Maine—
There is no more a Near or a Far.

V.

Look anywhere out from your window,
Look anywhere up in the street,
Rumble along on the railroad track,
Go seek some shady retreat
By the road 'mid the blackberry bushes,
Where the wagons of hay pass by,
You will see those lines of music ruled
Along the blue of the sky.

VI.

These gossamer threads of the Summer,
These webs of ephemeral birth,
They are pulsing veins of the nation's life,
They are vital nerves of the earth.
Frail as æolian harp-strings,
And swaying in wind and storm,
Yet they bind the world in a Union strong
And give to the Age its form.

VII.

Though now four years we have battled
In strife and in agony sore,
The electrical chords of the Age shall thrill
With the message "Peace once more."
They will teach the old lesson of ages,
Once taught by Galilee's shore,
All men are brothers—the earth is one—
There shall be War no more!

—Evening Post.

The Handel Festival at Sydenham.

THIRD DAY (JUNE 30). "ISRAEL IN EGYPT."

[From the London Times.]

The threatening sky augured ill yesterday afternoon for the prospects of the third and last performance. Nevertheless, it did not scare Handel's true worshippers, who had looked forward to *Israel in Egypt* as the culminating point of this musically memorable week. The large majority, indeed, were on their way by rail or road, before the deluge of rain had set in; and thus, although the facility of ingress to the Palace was very considerably diminished by the untoward state of things, the great central transept, the galleries, and the places contiguous were speedily filled. The rain penetrated at intervals through the crystal roof, to the general discomfort; but this unwelcome visitation only lasted for a short time, and people were speedily reconciled to what might happen. As, owing to the delays and disasters of the journey, visitors had arrived with comparative slowness, if not by dribblets, at least in uncomfortable groups, that thorough disciplinarian, Mr. Costa—before all a rigid timekeeper—was persuaded to defer the commencement of the oratorio for more than a quarter of an hour. This was a great boon, and duly appreciated, for no one that cares a straw for Handel would willingly lose one phrase of his grand *Biblical Oratorio*.

Whoever was absent from the Crystal Palace yesterday—as whoever was present can testify—lost the very noblest performance ever heard at a "Handel Festival" of Handel's greatest choral work. From beginning to end it was one uninterrupted series of successes. Of course much of this may fairly be attributed to chance; and the more so as *Israel in Egypt*, though a far more difficult work than the *Messiah*, was, we say it advisedly, twice as well executed. From the outset a universal confidence seemed to prevail. No sooner had Mr. Cummings delivered the opening tenor recitative—"Now there arose a new King over Egypt"—which briefly and epigrammatically supplies the place of the orchestral overture Handel was accustomed to affix to his oratorios, than the double chorus, "And the children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage," in which the woes of the Israelites under the rule of a King that "knew not Joseph" are eloquently set forth, gave promise of the sort of choral performance that was in store. The "cry" of the oppressed people "came up" in tones that went to every heart. "They loathed to drink of the river," where the first of the plagues inflicted by Moses on the Egyptians is portrayed with such terrible suggestiveness, was even better. In spite of its strange intervals and chromatic harmonies, so difficult to keep invariably in tune, not a fault could be named. The effect of the single chorus here, in direct contrast with that of the double choir, was remarkable, notwithstanding the division of the host of singers—sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses—with an express view to the antiphonal character of the double choruses which abound in *Israel*. Madame Sainton, in the declamatory air, "Their land brought forth frogs," then gave a forcible description of the plagues that ensue; and the climax was depicted with fearful reality in the wonderful double chorus, "He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies," &c. This which, at rehearsal on Friday last, was by no means satisfactory, now did not offer a single point for criticism. The emphatic reiteration of the simple and commanding sentence, "He spake the word," the passages, so suggestively accompanied by the fiddles, describing the plague of "flies and lice in all their quarters," and the distinct phraseology of the

coda, where "the locusts without number" add to the discomfort of the Egyptians, came out separately and in combination with singular force and clearness. The audience would fain have had this picturesque chorus repeated; but the despotic conductor, who knew what was coming, happily showed a deaf ear to their entreaties. What was coming was no less than "He gave them hailstones for rain," &c., which immediately follows the other. Nothing so imposing as this was ever produced by means so simple. The episodic theme, "Fire, mingled with the hail, ran along upon the ground," and its subsequent treatment, stand alone in choral harmony. Of the execution of this familiar piece, we can only say that, in our remembrance, it has never been approached. The effect was such that the whole audience enthusiastically called for it again. This was naturally looked upon by Mr. Costa rather as a command than as a request; and so, at a well known movement of his baton, the performers turned back to the first page and went once more through their task.

The second performance, which seldom happens, was quite as good as the first. Another singularly fine display succeeded. The impressive choral recitative, "He sent a thick darkness," notwithstanding its bold and unusual progressions of harmony, was delivered from the first bar to the last without the intonation ever perceptibly wavering. When the concluding sentence—"Even darkness which might be felt," where the music rises to the sublimity of the words, had been uttered, a subdued murmur of admiration followed; and no wonder. The connected series of choruses that ensues, commencing with "He smote all the first born of Egypt," comprising "But as for His people, He led them forth like sheep," and ending with "There was not one feeble person among their tribes," was uniformly well given. The opening was marked by a vigor thoroughly in keeping, especially at the wonderful passage where a pause divides each emphasized monosyllable:—"He—smote—the—chief—of—all—their—strength," in which the expressive power of Handel as a word-painter is remarkably exhibited. The piano singing of each section of the voices, whenever the exquisitely melodious phrase, as truly pastoral as it is tuneful—"He led them forth like sheep"—occurs, was perfect. While the jubilant phrase, "He brought them out with silver and gold," went on, one might almost see the precious metals glitter and hear them clink; and last and best, the triumphant asseveration that "there was not one feeble person," was made convincing through the emphatic choral delivery of the sentence. Passing the quaint fugal chorus, "And Egypt was glad when they departed," we come to a second connected series, even grander than its predecessor. The sublimity of the phrase, "He rebuked the Red Sea," delivered by full chorus in a voice of thunder, with its deeply expressive sequel, *pianissimo*, "And it was dried up," can never fail to impress. But these are simple when compared with what follows—"He led them through the deep," and "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies." The stately, large, and solemn theme of the first—so graphically suggestive of the miraculous passage of God's chosen people through the divided sea—was given out by the basses with tremendous power; while the execution of the last, with its marvellous peroration, in which the fact that not one of the pursuing Egyptians was left, is iterated and reiterated with ever-increasing earnestness, was a triumph of choral singing from end to end. In vain, however, did the vast audience clamor for a repetition—Mr. Costa, wisely we cannot but think, proceeded with the final chorus of Part I., "And

Israel saw that great work," a performance which would have been remarkable if only for the very grand enunciation of its most remarkable passage—"And the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord and His servant Moses."

We cannot undertake, however impressed by so wholly exceptional a performance, to go through the whole of *Israel in Egypt*, piece by piece. The praise awarded to the execution of the first part, which Handel really composed last, and originally named *Exodus*, is fully as due to the second,—the *Song of Moses*, in which the miracles actually described in *Exodus* are recapitulated, amid songs of praise and thanksgiving to the God of Israel. The choruses of this part are in many instances the most difficult in the oratorio; but from "Moses and the children of Israel," with which it triumphantly sets out, to "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously"—both, as all who know Handel's music are aware, including the famous apostrophe, "He hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea"—with which it as triumphantly terminates, chorus after chorus was all that could be wished. The two most complex, elaborate, and trying of all—"And with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were gathered together" and "The people shall hear and be afraid"—were sung in absolute perfection. Never, even by a choir and orchestra of ordinary numerical force, and, therefore, much more easily directed, have we heard these magnificent pieces so well given—with such spirit and precision, such uniform correctness and unswerving intonation. This is, no doubt, attributable in a great measure to the intermediate practices carried on from time to time since the last Handel Festival at Exeter-hall and elsewhere. But it also says no little for the general improvement in choral singing all over the country. Among other noticeable choral displays must especially be mentioned "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power," one of the most vigorous and brilliant of the double choruses, and the fugued choruses on ancient modes, "I will exalt Him," and "The earth swallowed them," which for clearness and decision of part-singing have rarely been surpassed. One of the most characteristic of them all—"Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble," in which Handel's graphic pictorial genius shines marvellously, was scarcely so fortunate; though even this, but for a temporary unsteadiness, soon rectified, would have been irreproachable. Enough, however, of the choruses, which in *Israel* so predominate that we are sometimes tempted to overlook other parts of the Oratorio, of a different character it is true, but in their way of equal excellence.

The airs and duets in the second part of *Israel* are all good, and several of them are unsurpassed for effectiveness. The plaintive duet "The Lord is my strength" was extremely well sung by Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Rudersdorff; the purely devotional one, "Thou in Thy Mercy," equally so by Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Cummings. The grand declamatory duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war," in which Herr Schmid shone to much more advantage than at rehearsal, if still overmatched by our great English barytone, Mr. Santley, was, as rarely fails to be the case, unanimously encoored and as a matter of course repeated. Madame Sainton, who always sings Handel like a true Handelian, was more than usually happy in the air, "Thou shalt bring them in;" and Mlle. Adelina Patti added another to her brilliant successes of this week by her irreproachable singing of the air, "Thou didst blow with Thy wind," which won another unanimous encore. But as usual, the great sensation of the day, and, indeed of the Festival, was created by Mr. Sims Reeves, in the magnificent air, "The enemy said I will pursue," which he sang with a fire and enthusiasm, a power of voice, a truth of accent, and a well sustained fluency of execution impossible to surpass. The effect was indescribable. At the conclusion a storm of applause broke out from every part of the building. The air was, we need scarcely add, repeated, and declaimed with the same unflagging animation.

After the oratorio the National Anthem was performed, Mlle. Adelina Patti singing the solo verse with the fervor and emphasis of a loyal and genuine British subject—which she ought surely to be, or she could hardly pronounce English so admirably. Then Mr. Costa whose labors have been no less arduous and unremitting than invaluable, received the hearty demonstration which was justly his due.

RESULTS.

(Times, July 3.)

The financial issue of last week's unprecedented series of performances can hardly so soon be decided with accuracy. We believe however, that—notwithstanding the approaching dissolution of the old Parliament, the absorbing interest in the coming elections for the new, the extremely bad management of the railway transit most immediately in relation with the Crystal Palace (which has been the subject of general animadversion), the inexplicable absence of all patronage and countenance, direct or indirect, from the highest quarters, the untoward deluge of rain which deterred thousands of people from attending the performance of *Israel* on Friday, and other unforeseen eventualities,—the Crystal Palace Company will receive on account of the Festival something more than 5,000*l.*; while something more than 1,000*l.* will go to the Sacred Harmonic Society. Against the company's profits must be placed the exclusive occupation of the Palace during four entire days, and the tax upon the time and attention of the general manager, with his staff of assistants, for months in advance. That the 1,000*l.* can reimburse the Sacred Harmonic Society for its labor, time, and expense, for its preliminary practices, under Mr. Costa, at Exeter Hall, and for the temporary suspension of its ordinary operations is altogether out of the question. But this high-spirited body of amateurs—which by its ordinary proceedings has done so much and with such unexampled disinterestedness for Handel and oratorio in particular, for sacred and choral music in general—is satisfied with, nay, proud of the honor that accrues to it, and would, if necessary, with equal zeal and unselfishness have redoubled its exertions. But with the Crystal Palace Company it is naturally otherwise; the chief consideration in the eyes of the managers being whether a transaction "pays," or whether it does "not pay." It is difficult even to induce them to speculate as to what, under more favorable circumstances, might have been the result, or to allow for the fact that but for the drawbacks enumerated—some of which at least may be easily avoided, while others may not exist, at the next Festival—the receipts would in all probability have been twice as large. The company is of course the best judge of its own affairs; but the outside public would not hesitate for one instant in unanimously declaring its firm conviction that the Handel Festival does "pay," if only through the enormous prestige it gives to the Crystal Palace, not merely in England, but throughout Europe, wherever newspapers are read. Fancy alone the publicity waiting on the pens of no less than 460 reporters, who were invited to the Festival! For a week past the Crystal Palace has been written and talked about, not only in the capital, but all over the empire; and for a week to come it will doubtless still be the topic with London correspondents of our country contemporaries, as well as with local contributors who have attended the Festival. Moreover, the Crystal Palace being now regarded as an institution of which Englishmen may justly feel proud, credit and prestige are surely worth its seeking; and the fame of having, four times within a brief period, held a musical festival on a scale of such magnificence as could by no possibility be attempted at any other building in the world, is something not lightly to be abandoned. If the Handel Festival dies on the occasion of its fourth anniversary, it will die in a halo of glory; for certainly nothing to compare with the musical performances of the past week has previously been heard in this or any other country. To refer to the third day alone, when the incomparable *Israel in Egypt* was

the oratorio, the effect produced on that occasion can never be obliterated from the memory of any one who, alive to the impressions created by grand and beautiful music, was fortunate enough to be present. There can be but a single opinion among musical judges with respect to the great improvement in an acoustical sense, obtained by the new arrangements in the central transept, but one opinion about the wonderful progress of the chorus—a progress due to efforts simultaneously exerted in London and in all the large towns which sent delegates to swell the numbers and add to the efficiency of the choral force.

As a mere result of skilful organization the Handel Festival this year was more than ever a triumph of order and discipline. It is impossible for us to appreciate in detail those onerous duties gratuitously undertaken by the various gentlemen connected with the Sacred Harmonic Society, who afforded valuable assistance to Mr. Bowley, the able, zealous, and undaunted general manager of the Crystal Palace, to Mr. J. F. Puttick, of the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose charge was the by no means easy one of arranging the whole of the professional engagements, to Mr. George Grove, the pink of courtesy and the pearl of secretaries, and last, not least, to Mr. Costa, who directs the movements of vast orchestras like a musical Napoleon. The perfect success which attended their arduous exertions, and the perfect satisfaction with which those exertions were regarded, must, to such indefatigable and self-denying gentlemen, be a sufficient recompense.

(From The Reader.)

The *Israel in Egypt*, which concluded the Handel Festival, yesterday week, was, without doubt, the grandest musical performance which the world has ever seen or heard. The memory of that amazing music as it was sung by that wonderful chorus will be a thing to haunt, for many a long day, the imaginations of those who were wise enough to go and hear it. All the drawbacks of which we have before spoken were there, but from the nature of the work, and some other circumstances, they were felt so little, that they made a very slight deduction from the sublimity of the result. Of the measure and degree of that sublimity it would be vain to try to give any estimate in words. Nor is it much use to speculate as to how much of it was due to the intrinsic power of the music and how much to the grandeur of the performance. No music needs splendor of execution less than Handel's to make its power felt. It will sound sublime even when poorly, weakly, badly done; its greatness is perhaps never more convincing than when the material means employed are of the slightest, or even when there is no material presentment of it at all, when it is merely "read" by the eye from the printed page to the inner ear, just as a big mountain never seems so imperial as when seen dimly on the horizon from afar. But the impression left by the festival "Israel" was of a different kind to this. It was overwhelming and indescribable. Chorus after chorus came pealing out with a stateliness and majesty which seemed to give a new life to the familiar music, a new emphasis to its grandeur, and new tenderness to its pathos. For, never certainly can the antithesis between force and sweetness, terror and beauty, have been more wonderfully manifested in music. Perhaps what most helped to make this marvellous effect was the entire absence of all appearance of effort on the part of the performers. As the eye rested on such a host of singers, it seemed impossible to think of them otherwise than as making one huge instrument, which sounded at its director's will. One missed the fuss and flutter of ordinary orchestras. A certain sense of repose was never absent. The vast chorus seemed calm even in its grandest bursts of power, just as it seemed never stronger than in its lightest pianissimo. *Israel* is full of points which brought out these wonderful characteristics. The prodigious unison, to quote one example, which announces the coming of the plague of flies, "He spake the word," sounded supernaturally grand. Equally wonderful for its pathetic loveliness was the sweet strain, "He led them like sheep." The long-sus-

tained notes, held successively by the soprano and alto parts in this chorus, made an effect which will dwell in the memory as one of the loveliest ever heard by mortal ears. But it was chiefly, as it seemed to us, in the second part of the oratorio—the Exodus-hymn—that the colossal power and beauty of the chorus were most felt. “The depths have covered them,” “Thy right hand, O Lord,” “And with the blast of Thy nostrils”—of these and one or two more choruses the effect was stupendous. We can but take refuge again in negation, and say it was indescribable. And of “The horse and his rider,” which begins and ends the hymn of triumph, and which perhaps to most hearers seemed to reach the crowning point of musical glory, we can say no more. The splendid success of the last day’s singing was mainly due, no doubt, to the effect of the three days’ previous practice. There was little enough to find fault with before, but by the end of the Festival the signs of timidity which marked the first attempts of the gigantic chorus had wholly disappeared. The conductor had thorough command of the whole body. It answered to the beat with a springiness of accent, if one may use the term, which showed that every component unit was under the government of that magical baton; that every one was singing completely at his ease. The admirable skill of Mr. Costa has been, indeed, in the way of personal distinction, the most conspicuous feature in the whole festival. If we are obliged to dissent from some points of what we may call his principles of editorship, it is the more incumbent on us to pay due acknowledgment to his splendid conducting. Neapolitan as he is, representing by birth and education schools of music the very remotest from all that English Handel-worship has to do with, he has yet conferred signal service on the national music of England. If we can claim, and we fairly can, to be now taking the lead in Europe in the matter of choral singing, the distinction is due in no small degree to the society which was wise enough, forgetting national prejudices, to put itself under the guidance of the most skilful conductor of orchestral music. To that happy choice the society mainly owes whatever success it has had. It is as well to recollect this, when witnessing such consummate leadership as Mr. Costa has been displaying in his place of command at Sydenham. The public behind a conductor is apt to forget that the less he seems to be doing, the more he is really doing or has done. Only by long years of patient discipline could the nucleus of that chorus have been brought so thoroughly into hand. The whole annals of music probably can show no more wonderful instance of successful organization than the singing of this great multitude, for the first time together. The easy way in which, on the very first day, they fell into their places, and were presently singing as steadily as if they had been practicing for months, was a marvel to see. And upon the last day especially, choruses of extreme difficulty, such as “The people shall hear,” were sung with a degree of steadiness and freedom such as have never been reached within our hearing by the Sacred Harmonic Society or any other choir.

Of the solo singing during the festival much might be written, but it would be chiefly a repetition of old eulogies. If the gathering of 1865 has any place in the history of English music, it will have to be recorded that the honors fell to two English singers, Mr. Reeves and Mr. Santley. Of Mlle. Patti’s performance it may be enough to say that she made her little voice heard to better effect in this large building than any one had anticipated, and sang the oratorio music of Handel in a style which was as faultless, vocally speaking, at it was admirable for simplicity and earnestness. Two persons alone excepted—Mlle. Titiens and Madame Goldschmidt—we knew not who could have better filled the place of first soprano.

Of the musical success of the Festival, this much must suffice. It is not a fraction of what might be easily written of an event so interesting. It is said that the undertaking was virtually a failure in a pecuniary sense, though a nominal

surplus is shown. If this be so, every one will be sorry, but few need wonder. The expense of such music as this is necessarily enormous, and who is to pay for it? Not the middle class, for they cannot afford the cost; not the upper, for they do not care about the music. We do not see how such demonstrations are to be made to “pay,” unless means can be found for making the music audible to larger multitudes than have yet been attracted to the Crystal Palace. If this could be done, and the prices reduced to one-fourth of the present scale, the cost might be met easily enough; but of the first condition being reached, there seems at present but slight chance. On the whole, it would seem to be more reasonable to be content with a decennial celebration, which should be really a “festival.” This gathering has had nothing festival about it. The “commercial” impulse has been the motive of the undertaking. Grand music has been produced, but the sentiment of Handel worship has had little or nothing to do with it. The public, moreover, do not like puffing, and the puffing in this case has gone beyond all ordinary bounds. The thing has been over-advertised. Advertising may answer with dwarfs and tumblers, but a “Handel Festival” should be above it. You cannot advertise people into enthusiasm. A decent amount of publicity, and less of the gratuitous trumpeting which begets suspicion, would probably have answered better. As it is, the musical people of England have to thank the Crystal Palace Company for a magnificent display, which has been musically an honor to the country. There would have been more reason to sympathize with a partial failure, if a great name had not been dragged through mud puffery to swell a dividend.

For Dwight’s Journal of Music.

Music in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, O., JUNE 23, 1865.—There were five concerts this month, a fact which proves several things: first, for instance, that your correspondent was mistaken when some six or seven weeks ago he thought the *saison* closed; secondly that Cincinnati can stand a good deal more than Bostonians—for such thermometers as we had to endure in concert rooms here, you could not—nor did you ever—stand. To begin with the last: the “Cæcilien-Verein” gave the fourth concert of the ninth season, last night, Thursday, June 22d. The programme was as follows:

- 1 “Be not afraid,” Chorus from Elijah. Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
- 2 Fantasia for two pianos from Norma. Thalberg. Mr. Charles Kunkel and *** (Mr. Andres).
- 3 “Ocean, du Ungeheuer,” Soprano Aria from Oberon. Weber. Mme. Caroline Rive.
- 4 Tarantella for two pianos. Fr. Kroell. Mr. Charles Kunkel and *** (Mr. Andres).
- 5 “Requiem für Mignon,” from Goethe’s Wilhelm Meister. Rob. Schumann.
- 6 Third Scene, first Act, from “Lohengrin,” Rich. Wagner. Elsa, Mme. C. Rive. Lohengrin, M. Helmkamp.

The chorus was excellent, and especially in the magnificent scene from *Lohengrin*. It was the first concerted piece, excepting the Pilgrim chorus from *Tannhäuser*, that I ever heard from any of Wagner’s operas. On first impression the “music of the future” as represented here seemed good enough music for me. There are strange modulations, it is true; but so there are in Beethoven, a great many. There was melody too; and the magnificent combination of five soli with a chorus of six parts, (Soprani, Alt, Tenor primi e secondi, Bassi primi e secondi) was soul-stirring in the extreme. Of the other pieces, the Requiem for Mignon, which we heard repeatedly, was very finely performed. Especial praise is due to the composition of Mr. Kroell, yet in MS., which is a piece of music worth playing and listening to. The fine manner in which the different parts are carried, the effective melodies and harmonies make it a piece that ought to be known and played widely. Madame Rive is a teacher of music here; her voice is no longer fresh, her manner of singing not remarkable, and

we have nothing especial to say about her. Messrs. Charles Kunkel and Andres played finely, and—personally, that is between you and myself—if they had played some other piece than “Norma” I would not have objected either. We have heard as much of Thalberg and his school as is wholesome. In fact the question ought to be solved by this time how far the finger-gymnastics introduced by Thalberg and Liszt, and followed up *ad nauseam*, are a proper subject for exhibition in a concert-room in general, and in the room of a society avowedly devoted to classical music in particular.

Now if Mr. Wehli, “the eminent piano-forte virtuoso and composer,” as the show-bills have it, plays Wehli one—two—three—four times each evening, and if the Wehli style resolves itself into Etudes and Fantasias by Thalberg principally, with the admixture of some Liszt, we have no right to find fault with it, nor with him, nor with Mr. Max. Strakosch. For their object is to make money. The public prefers high and lofty tumbling on the piano, to pieces that are worth hearing. Why then should they not have left-hand solo pieces à la Dreischock or Fantasias à la Thalberg and Liszt? M. Wehli has a mastery of the instrument that is remarkable; he plays what he does with fine taste; but for the improvement of true taste for the best music it is not at all necessary to hear what he plays. Sky-rockets are not generally considered works of art, nor are they looked upon as great incentives to improvement in the art of painting for example.

Mr. Strakosch exhibited twice, June 16th and 17th. Mademoiselle Helene de Katow plays simple airs with much taste, but has no strength for bravura-pieces. Madame Behrens excels principally in dwelling on very high notes an immoderate length of time—giddiness on the part of the audience is the necessary consequence—and sings various songs. Mr. Powers sings other songs and seems to be quite a favorite. I did not hear his “Adelaide” and cannot therefore judge. It ought to be added that the bills did not attract Cincinnati very violently; the houses were hardly half full.

The concert next in retrograde order was the concert of the Harmonic Society, June 13th.

- 1 Overture—Egmont. Beethoven.
- 2 “As the hart pants,” 42 Psalm. Mendelssohn.
- 3 Andante, Fifth Symphony. Beethoven.
- 4 Cantata, for Solo & Chorus “Hear my Prayer.” Mendelssohn.
- 5 Solo, Violoncello, Hymn from “Stradella,” arranged by A. Lindner.
- 6 Chorus, “Hallelujah to the Father,” from Mount of Olives. Beethoven.

The programme was excellent, and so were the singers. There was a vocal effect particularly beautiful in the chorus, which is rarely found, produced by an Alto numerous and strong, fine, sympathetic voices, in the place of that insufficiency and thin quality of tone usually found in the Alt of choruses. Another point of especial attraction was the fine singing of Mrs. D. in the Soprano-soli. That solo “O for the wings of a dove” yet rings in my ears, and I do not remember where I have heard it sung with more poetic insight into the character of the music, and with more true feeling. A society is fortunate if it have a member like Mrs. D., whose voice is so fresh and sympathetic, and whose reading and performance so true and tasteful.

The orchestra unfortunately did not at all well. We dissent altogether from the tempo which Mr. Barus took for the Andante of the Fifth Symphony, and hope we need never hear the piece again from the same orchestra, played in a manner as crude as it was our misfortune to hear it that evening. There is a characteristic tendency, it seems, of mixing up insignificant pieces with grand works of genius. The same *Stradella* transcription for Violoncello which we once reported as played in the “Cæcilien-Verein,” made its appearance here again. What its effect must have been, sandwiched as it was between Mendelssohn and Beethoven, I leave you to imagine.

The first concert of the month as to time was that of Mr. Jacob Kunkel, June 2d. Mr. Charles Kunkel, one of the few prominent pianists here, is a brother of the concert-giver, who is quite young. Mr. Jacob K. played his one solo, Gottschalk's *Grande Paraphrase de Concert sur "Il Trovatore,"* with much brilliancy. It would be well for him to improve his touch, which is not yet varied enough, and—if his audience will stand it—to play something by somebody else when he gives his next concert. Gottschalk is well enough—elegant, dainty, sometimes enchanting—but after all it is small matter. There are some older masters and some young ones, say for instance Beethoven and Chopin, Mendelssohn and Ferd. Hiller, Hummel, and Moscheles and Field; and one so old, that our generation in this neighborhood at least, affects not to be able to see any beauties in him, old Johann Sebastian Bach. Now all these have written some music for the piano, which is fully as enchanting and elegant as Gottschalk's, and in addition there is the true fire of holy and immortal inspiration in their works, which compares to Gottschalk's music as the eternal fires of Baku to yon fire-fly. There were "Les Contrastes" for two pianos by Moscheles, which you in Boston well know, finely played by Messrs. Andres, Kroell, Charles and Jacob Kunkel. Mr. Hahn played a piece by David for the violin quite well. A little more certainty in high notes, some improvement in touch and bowing will make Mr. Hahn quite a good soloist on his instrument. Breadth and boldness of tone, fine shading and delicacy will follow as the legitimate fruits of study. Mr. Powers and Madame Rive sang various songs and duets. The house was very full and bouquets were plenty. The Messrs. Kunkel are decided favorites.

A noteworthy feature in Mr. Wehli's, Mr. Kunkel's and Mr. Andres' concerts was the Chickering Grand, which all these gentlemen evidently prefer to any other. Mr. Wehli carries two with him, Mr. Kunkel has one with which he is enraptured, and Mr. Andres thinks they excel all others. As your correspondent always held the same opinion, and as he cannot forget either old Mr. Chickering, or the present Messrs C., or Boston where these instruments are made, or the instruments themselves and their wonderful tone: he is really glad that competent judges in this part of the country are of the same opinion; and he hopes such opinions will tend to the benefit of good playing, of good music, and of the Messrs. Chickering. *

Very Shabby Worship.

(From the Presbyterian Standard.)

A country town. There is one Roman Catholic Church. There are five starveling Protestant Churches, all briskly competing with each other for such of the church-going population of the place as do not run after the attractions of Popery. Some of the houses of worship are neat and architecturally beautiful. Others are remarkably inelegant. Two or three lank steeples pierce the atmosphere, distinguishing the edifices which they deface, from market houses or barns.

The people who gather under the roofs of these several structures, exercise the right accorded to them by the Constitution of the United States, to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

The most glaring feature of their worship is what they call sacred music. To listen to it, one would think that some of them have no consciences at all.

To begin with the Presbyterian Church. The pastor gives out what he calls "the twenty-fourth Sa-a-am," which he reads in a sing-song manner from the beginning to the end, as if he feared his congregation could not read it in their books. Having read it, he says that we will sing four verses of it, and then sits down. Now the other end of the church begins its work. A wheezing is heard, as when the fire is blown by means of an aged pair of bellows. The instrument is getting up its wind. Some extemporized discord follows the wheezing. A few flourishes of "voluntary" are being played, preparatory to playing the tune as a sample of what is to be sung. One-

half of the notes are incorrectly played. These interfere with the musical effect of the other half. Presently the tune is blundered through, and the singing begins. *Singing?* The angels in heaven don't sing in that style, certainly. *Singing?* No, it is *howling*. The choir consists of a large man with a voice like a calf, two women with cracked voices, and one with a defective idea of time. The instrumental help is a machine which the church bought for fifteen dollars less than they would have had to pay for a good "Mason and Hamlin." The man who had it to sell, told them that it would make a louder noise. So it does. Noise is not worship. We leave the place.

Then to the Methodists. Surely they will praise God in better style. They are not annoyed by the presence of such a wind instrument. That is a relief. The preacher gives out "the ten hundred and sixtieth hymn, on the eleven hundred and seventieth page, long metre," after which he, like his Presbyterian neighbor, reads the hymn through. The reading being done, he again announces the number, page, and metre, and *lines out* the first half of the first verse. Now for the singing. The deficiency of instrumental accompaniment is more than compensated for by the magnitude of the leader's voice. Although the church can hold but three hundred people, his lungs and throat are of a sufficient capacity to fill a cathedral, and he gives them full play. He cannot consent to hide his light under a bushel. With all his might he bawls forth the two lines, then comes to a halt. The fine, clear voice of the minister is then heard, in pleasant contrast to this great bull of Bashan, reading the next two lines. It is as if he would say: "My friends, I see you have your books before you, but I know you can't read the hymn, so I will read it for you." "Lining out" would be a miserable interruption, if the singing were good; as it is, it is a desirable thing to stop the eruption of that volcanic voice, on any terms possible.

Now for something more elegant and cultured. At the Lutheran Church they have an organ. It is an imposing little affair, with pretty case, and gilt pipes. A boy blows the bellows behind, and a young lady presides at the key-board in front. If somebody would put a small quantity of some lubricating substance on that part of the bellows apparatus which squeaks, it would remove a great annoyance. And if the fair organist would bring her fingers in contact with the keys with that gentle pressure which should characterize organ playing, rather than in the strumming, pounding fashion in which she learned to play jigs on her mother's piano, the result might be a style of music which would be more befitting the house of God than that which now grates on the ear. The time is good. The tune is well selected, and in keeping with the words. But the choir mouth and mumble their words so that nobody can understand what they are singing.

Away to the Baptist Church. Two streets off, their singing is audible. They *all* sing. That is an advantage and an excellence. It is better than in those churches where it is understood that the choir have the monopoly of it, and that it is ungentle to interfere. They sing pretty well, too. The minister happens to be the leader. Take care, though, good brother, or you may have an attack of bronchitis, some day, if you keep at that steady kind of work too long. Praying, preaching, and singing, all on a stretch, are too much for one man. Get a good man to take your place, as soon as you can find the right man. But meantime, keep at it, and make your people sing.

They are praising God at the Episcopal Church. A neat miniature cathedral. The walls of solid and pointed (plaster in imitation of) brown stone; a comely belfry on top. The rector stands with his tasteful robe of white, and the people with their prayer books in their hands. A well tuned organ, small, but of sweet tone, is played by a delicate young lady. The choir consists of three young girls and a small boy. There is no depth to the music; no richness; no fullness. The congregation is afraid to join in it, lest they should crush it out of hearing. The minister looks quietly on, as if to say that he would not on any account disturb it. It gently pursues its unruffled course till it comes to the end of the chant, when it gracefully subsides, and gives place to the next part of the service. Where are the men? Where are the big boys? Where somebody to take hold of it and help it along in good, earnest, wholesome burst of sacred song?

Was the temple worship of the Jews of olden time anything like any of these? Is the spirit of the Psalms such as to lead us to offend all musical propriety and all decency when we worship God? Why need we offer to the Lord of heaven and earth, such lame, halting, imperfect stuff as would not be listened to in a decent concert room? Aye, such as would be kicked out of the commonest beer-garden. If the

preaching were as bad as the music, there would be talk of turning the minister away.

It is almost as easy to execute music well as to do it badly. There is no good reason why bad music should be tolerated in any Christian church. Let us give God the best. Let us train our people to the total abolition of all such unholy nuisances as have been alluded to. While we say with the psalmist, "let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," let us also say with the apostle, "I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."

BACK WOODS.

The German Saenger-fest in New York.

(Concluded.)

THIRD DAY (TUESDAY). Visits to Central Park, &c. In the evening a minstrel tournament, at which fourteen societies (from abroad) competed for a prize. Programme:

FIRST DIVISION.

- 1 "Only Thee," by Jost. The Philadelphia Sängerrunde.
- 2 "The Singer's Greeting," by Fischer. Buffalo Liedertafel.
- 3 "Hunting Song," by Andre. Philadelphia Orpheus.
- 4 "The Meeting," by Kunz. Washington Sängerbund.
- 5 "Wine Chorus," by Kruger. Hartford Sängerbund.
- 6 "Good Night! Farewell!" by Kücken. Poughkeepsie Germania.
- 7 "The Grove," by Haeser. The Buffalo Sängerbund.

SECOND DIVISION.

- 1 "The Sailor's Dream," by Abt. Baltimore Germania.
- 2 "Storm and Blessing," by Kaliwoda. Philadelphia Sängerbund.
- 3 "Eight Psalm," by Abt. Baltimore Liederkranz.
- 4 "Evening Fête," Abt. Philadelphia Liedertafel of the Freie Gemeinde.
- 5 "Love," by Zoeller. Philadelphia Liedertafel.
- 6 "The Wanderer's Night Song," by Reissiger. Philadelphia Junge Männerchor.
- 7 "How Murmur the Waves," by Abt. Baltimore Arion.

The Judges were Messrs. Timm, Theodore Thomas and Meierhofer. The *Tribune*, after special notice of each effort, ends with saying:

It will be seen that the singing, generally, was of a very high order of merit. We have designated seven societies as first class. They are the Liedertafel of Buffalo, the Saengerbund of Hartford, the Saengerbund of Buffalo, the Saengerbund of Philadelphia, the Liederkranz of Baltimore, the Liedertafel d. f. Gemeinde of Philadelphia, and the Junge Männerchor of Philadelphia. We do not presume to anticipate the judgment of the prize judges, but we think the victory will rest between the Liedertafel of Buffalo and the Saengerbund of Philadelphia. Both are equal in all points of excellence, excepting perhaps that the Buffalo Society displayed more delicate artistic perception of the finer shades of tone. The music they sang was of a simple character, while that of the Philadelphians was ambitious in its difficulties. The singing of both was equal in excellence, and with us the decision would rest in favor of Philadelphia, judging by this single hearing, which is hardly fair, because of the higher character of the music performed.

FOURTH DAY.

Wednesday, July 19th, was the first day of the Festival proper at Jones's Wood. We borrow from the *Tribune's* description of the scene, omitting, however, its learned disquisition upon "ankles."

The morning dawned with puffs of white cloud in the heavens, upon a broad, bright field of blue sky. The breezes were aloft, but there was an abundance of brilliant sunlight, and the day promised to be fine.

As early as 9 o'clock in the morning, the up-going cars and East River steamers began to be thronged; by 9 1-2 they were crowded; by 10 they were crammed. The Germans were out in full force. They brought their wives and their babies. By every avenue they came to the wood. The Second and Third ave. cars were packed to their utmost, and there were hundreds of hacks, carriages, barouches, buggies and wagons in the thoroughfares. The lower part of the city was deserted, and the reservoirs of beer in the upper portion were opened, and seemed to be inexhaustible.

IN THE WOOD.

Making our way through the narrow entrance to the Wood, with the kindly assistance of a number of policemen who preceded us with their clubs drawn, elbowing and forcing our way through this wall of human beings, we at last found the coveted inside of the fence almost equally crowded. The upper side of the grove contained a general crush of hacks, carriages, buggies and almost every species of vehicle from the funeral hearse to the common cart. Hackmen were swearing, cartmen were replying with vigor and effect; little boys—the gamins of New York—were running hither and thither, with apparently

no other object than to scream, shout, and make themselves general nuisances; while the main crowd of incoming Germans—men and women, children on foot, and babies in arms—continued to pour on toward the river, like a torrent toward the sea.

The dry grass was trodden into dust, and the roads and pathways were doubly dusty with the tramp of eager multitudes. The groves no longer presented green vistas of cool retreat and seclusion. Almost every square rod of green grass was taken possession of by some family group. The smooth, jutting rocks were transferred into impromptu tables, whereon the luncheon of the day was spread, with its attendant drinkables.

Now and then you would notice beside one party a keg or two of lager, with a temporary booth containing wine and other beverages. This indicated the down-town proprietor of a lager-beer saloon on a festive burst. He had brought with him his own wine, beer, and cheese, and was having a family time in a domestic, hearty way. Other groups would consist of several young fellows, who, with their three or four bottles of whiskey, were making merry regardless of expense; and now and then the German shoemaker or tailor, with his family, was to be seen, having a more quiet and less expensive time with plain sandwiches and cheese, without the accompaniment of beer or wine.

Further on the crowd grew in density. It ceased to be groups of families, and became a succession of miscellaneous assemblages, seated on benches, with burdened tables before them, or lying in the grass with charming indiscriminate abandon, and with a regular lager beer booth in the centre.

The meadow, where the Caledonian Club chiefly resort for their cricket and ball games, and where the great target of the Schutzen Corps still remains, was a specially favorite place of resort. Upward of 20 minor booths had been here erected, around which thirsty throngs were gathering and going, and a band of music was pouring forth its mellifluous strains from the small dancing stand, where the mystic maze was being woven by men and women, boys and girls, with an energy worthy of the best and any cause. Flags were flying, / From every bare branch fluttered a streamer or banner, representing various nationalities, but with the national colors of red, white and blue omnipresent. Almost all the men wore badges symbolic of the singing society to which they belonged, which were also represented on the persons of the ladies by graceful scarfs of appropriate colors.

It has been said that the German women whom we see in this country usually lack beauty. But there were many pretty girls at the festival yesterday, and the joyousness and heartiness of those who were not thus distinguished, amply made up for beauty of face and gracefulness of form.

We cannot follow the *Tribune* man's highly colored *con amore* description of the dancing stands, swings, hobby-horses, ladies' ankles (!), booths, &c., or his Homeric enumeration of all the Singvereins, Turners, drum corps, bands, &c., that composed the grand procession through the city to the steamboats, and again from the landing through the woods. We will suppose them all assembled at the place of their destination, ready to proceed to the grand business of the day.

Finally at about 3 o'clock the singers were summoned to the Green, where the distribution of prizes to the successful Society was to take place and the oration to be delivered.

After a patriotic air by Huschmann's Band, and a few introductory remarks, the President, Mr. Steffen, introduced the Hon. Frederick Kapp, the orator of the day, who spoke as follows:

THE ORATION.

The festivities which, for four days have united us within and without the walls of the great American metropolis, are drawing to a close. The hours of friendly intercourse, of cheerful mirth and recreation, have gone by. It remains to crown the winners in the race of song, to distribute these prizes among the most successful, to raise a parting song, a shout, words of farewell, a pressure of hands, and the gay throng will be among the things that were. May the remembrance of these fleeting moments beguile the journey homeward, and may the trophies won animate the victors and the vanquished to increasing effort in the glorious path of German song. I have had the honor of welcoming you on your arrival in our city, and the unavoidable absence of a valued friend, who was to have tendered you our farewell wishes, devolves upon me the duty of taking his place. How could this duty be better performed than in contemplating what we have attempted and attained in its bearings upon the position and the future

of the German-Americans in the social and political life of this country and in the home of our fathers? It is not the first occasion, as we are well aware, on which the German singers of the Eastern States have held a festival, although it may be the first on which so large a number as 2,500 have attended. Within 15 years past, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York have welcomed the German glee clubs in their midst no less than eight times, and the present celebration would have been held four years ago if the war had not intervened between design and execution. In the turmoil of arms the muses were hushed. At a time when the fate of a people rests on the point of the sword, the mind is not at ease to follow the airy flights of fancy, or the play of lighter humors. In a free country where all sit in council who take the field, where the chances of war decide also the individual fortunes of every citizen, he willingly sacrifices the comforts of retirement to the political exigencies of the time, and holds his personal advantage subordinate to the higher interests of the community. Thus, from the first outbreak of Rebellion our countrymen fully appreciated the importance of the contest which was forced upon the country; thus every man hastened to the rescue of our liberties and labored in his sphere and to the utmost of his power without hope of favor or reward. More than all others the fighting men of German birth—Turners and Singers in the van—discerned the true state of political affairs, and poured out their blood on every battle-field of the vast theatre of war, absolving the debt of patriotism without stint or cavil. I do not say this with a view of claiming especial merit for us as Germans. We have done our duty, and conscience is our reward. But now that liberty and the republic have triumphantly demonstrated before the civilized world that their foes cannot prevail against them, now that a great cause has confounded all adversaries, it is fit that our peans should be heard. It is not the choir of male voices merely that graces our festival; it is the chorus of freemen that we delight to hear. Shame upon the man who trills a song when he should fight a battle; but honor to him who first achieves his freedom, and then chants praises! Music was the form of combined expression first exercised by the German mind in this country. By the culture and spread of music the Germans have done much to invest American society with new life and manifold attractions. The effect had been to make many Americans regard a musician and a German as convertible terms even to this very day. There is a germ of truth concealed under this mistaken notion. Every German, though he be without musical culture, has musical intelligence, inhaled like the fragrance of wild flowers from the very atmosphere of his native country; his mind, long a stranger to the political activity of other nations, has found room and leisure for gentler tastes, more genial studies, and a more harmonious development, than the more callous Yankee, absorbed in the perpetual adaptation of means to ends. For ourselves we treasure song and poetry as the most palpable link between our Western homes and the joys of our distant home. At a bound they carry us back to the Fatherland, and revive the impressions that were wont to gladden the hours of youth; subduing for a season the ceaseless din of daily toil and traffic, they break the slumbers of those home-bred spirits that hovered around us when we dwelt among our own. They bridge the ocean, not alone to carry the backward march of memory, but to convey to us the new creations of our country's genius in their most popular and appreciable form; like an electric current, they preserve the burnish even of the dullest steel, and suffer not the rust to settle. They have proved themselves in history as the most efficient safeguards of our nationality in the land of strangers. Our countrymen whom the last century wafted to the shores of the Hudson, the Schoharie and the Mohawk, clung to their national manners, thoughts and feelings just as long as they perpetuated the mastery of the grand and simple strains of the German choral hymns. It was not until the third generation began to intone the English anthems, and in consequence to give ear to English sermons, that they lost the thread of national continuity with their fathers who lived before them. We do not need to be told that music is not the only badge of our nobility, but it is the broad popular foundation on which the structure of our greatness is erected. When thirty years of contest for the mental and moral emancipation of the world had prostrated the energies of Germany, music was the staff on which the nation leaned. She threw off the heaviest fumes of her lethargy, the asylum in whose pale for generations the common heart of the country sought a refuge. At length the ditty assumed larger proportions, and aspired to bolder flights, until the wondrous dramas of Schiller and Goethe reverberated from clime to clime; and then the serried phalanx of our mighty sages passed the light of

thought from hand to hand, until our people took the lead in the mental development of Europe.

A like career must be run by each individual German; from the chastened sensational life to which music has introduced him, his way lies through the mazes of vigorous thought to the manly earnestness of action. Our countrymen at home are now called upon to realize in their public affairs the teachings of our bards and our thinkers, to translate words into deeds, the theory of the closet into the practice of daily life, to conquer for the national mind a home-stand in the land of its birth, to produce a German state, a free and united Germany. In the solution of this problem we cannot greatly aid them. We are in the midst of mature political institutions, of the advantages of which we have constantly partaken, which may at times require our services for their preservation, but where creative energy is without an object. Standing on American soil, we must share the political labors of our fellow-citizens in the spirit of that profound humanity in which we have been reared. For what is outside of politics our eyes are still turned homeward; we can never renounce the land of our fathers without renouncing our better selves. The times have happily gone by when the Germany, dazzled by the material achievements of the New World, made haste to cast his memories and his attainments behind him in his overweening anxiety to out-Herod the Herods of practical Americanism. The memorable occurrence known as the Know-Nothing movement made manifest to the dullest perception that the German does not rise in the scale of being by aping American manners and blabbing American phrases. The more firmly we cling to the intellectual treasures of our nationality, the more will we be respected by the native population. What firmness of character is to the individual, national pride is to a people; the source at one of self-esteem and of the regard of others.

At our very doors, in the midst of our fellow-citizens of every clime, is abundant opportunity for our ablest efforts. Time was when a German poet sang:

"Germans, a nation to be your stars in their course have denied you;

Wherefore? That ye might be freer to grow to be men."

Germany is exerting herself to falsify the predictions. Casting aside the swaddling clothes of cosmopolitan inanity, it has based its policy on the solid foundation of its interests. The festival of its marksmen and its singers, as held this year at Bremen and at Dresden, are protests against disunion and atrophy; they point the way in which the country will recover itself, slowly, perhaps, but surely. To us, on the other hand, as Germans in foreign parts, the distich of Schiller is clearly applicable. To constitute a German nation in the bowels of the American, is impossible; but to lend our influence to the struggle for the best interests of man is not only feasible, but a solemn duty, and our influence will take the firmer hold, and wear for itself the wider bed, the more highly we prize the fruits of our German culture; that, though some justly or unjustly complain of neglect or even insult, what though a few may have been quieted by their country instead of quitting her, we must not speak ill of the fatherland. It is a froward child that maligns its parents, even for cause. We may leave it to piqued aristocrats and self-conceited refugees to belittle their country for having withheld from them a sphere of action, or because their fortunes are more promising abroad. True, Germany is apt to forget her children outside of her border, until such time as she needs a patriotic contribution; not knowing what she has lost, she treats them as an English squire regards his poor relations, wondering at their pertinacity in inviting themselves to the family gatherings, when their best prospect is the seat at the lower end of the table. It is natural for us to view the matter in another light. We think of poor Cordelia, thrust from her father's door, because she could not heave her heart into her mouth, yet ready to give succor when the favored ones fail in their duty.

No blown ambition do our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right,
Soon may we hear and see him!

Hail then to the land of our sages, our poets, our composers! Hail to the great Republic, which has given us a kindly welcome, which has crushed Rebellion, and reset the foundation stone of Liberty! Hail to the Ninth German Musical Festival! May it have a long and glorious line of successors for the honor of Germany and the good of America, shedding their refining influences on the spirit of the people, sustained by the favor of our worthiest citizens, and crowned with joy and gladness, as this has been!

THE SINGERS AND THE PRIZES.

Of course, the singing amounted to very little at the picnic; all were intent upon social enjoyment; they sang here and sang there, but no effort could

bring any successful concerted effect out of such a chaos as presented itself on this occasion. Great interest was felt on the subject of the prizes, the friends of each society claiming for their favorite the right to carry home the banner or the cup.

We awarded the first prize in our article of yesterday to the Saengerbund of Philadelphia, giving them credit over the Liedertafel of Buffalo only on account of the more important music which they sang. The prize judges, Messrs. Timm, Thomas and Mayerhofer, in accordance with our previously expressed judgment, gave the first prize to the Saengerbund of Philadelphia. This award gave general satisfaction, although some thought that the Buffalo Society was better entitled to it. To the astonishment of all, however, the Liedertafel of Buffalo was passed over on the second award, the Silver Cup being given to the Jungen Männerchor of Philadelphia. This was a most preposterous judgment, and one altogether unexpected by those who heard and considered the performance of the two Societies. We are glad, however, to learn that the most experienced member of the Committee was opposed to the decision, and though in the minority, fought against it as long as possible. So the Philadelphia Societies carry away with them the honorable trophies of the amicable and harmonious contest just ended in this city. The Saengerbund takes the elegant flag, the Jungen Männerchor the silver cup.

Music Abroad.

London.

The *Musical World*, of July 15th, sums up the operas at the two houses for the preceding fortnight, as follows:

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. On Saturday, the *Huguenots*.—Tuesday, *Linda di Chamouni*—last time this season—for Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. Madame Trebelli, Pierotto. —Wednesday, *Medea*.—Thursday, *Il Flauto Magico* for the first time. A grand success—the principal parts thus sustained:—Queen of Night, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska; Pamina, Madame Harriers Wippen; Papagena, Mdlle. Sinico; Attendants on the Queen, Mdlles. Redi, Moya, and Trebelli; the three Youths, Mdlles. Bauermeister, Zandrina, and Drasdil; Papageno, Mr. Santley; Tamino, Dr. Gunz; Priests, Signors Foli and Filippi; Monastatos, Signor Stagno; and Sarastro, Herr Wolrath. Madame Harriers Wippen made her first appearance this season, and was received with distinguished favor. Mdlle. Ilma de Murska created an immense sensation as the Queen of Night.

On Saturday (July 8) the second performance of *Il Flauto Magico*—greater success for Mozart—greater success for Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, who was rapturously encoired in both arms of the Queen of Night. —On Tuesday, for the third time, *Il Flauto Magico*, with Signor Gardoni in place of Dr. Gunz as Tamino. Signor Gardoni greatly applauded and deservedly. —On Wednesday, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, for the benefit and last appearance this season of Mdlle. de Murska. House crowded in every part, and excitement at its highest. Mdlle. de Murska's reception at the end a real enthusiasm. The mad scene sung and acted better than on any former occasion. At the end of the opera she came forward again and sang the air with variations, by Proch, which she originally introduced in the last scene of *Linda*. —On Thursday, *Fidelio*.—To-night, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with Madame Harriers Wippen as Amalia, Mdlle. Sarolta (her first appearance) as Oscar, Madame Trebelli as Ulrica, Signor Carrion as the Duke, Mr. Santley as Renato, &c., &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—On Saturday (by special desire), the *Huguenots*.—Monday, *Faust e Margherita*.—Tuesday, *La Favorita*, for Madame Galetti, repeated. —Thursday, the *Huguenots*.—To-night *Don Pasquale*, first time for three years, with Mdlle. Adeline Patti as Norina, Signor Mario as Ernesto, M. Gassier, Malatesta, and Signor Ronconi as Don Pasquale, his first appearance in that character.

On Saturday, *Don Pasquale*, with Mdlle. Adeline Patti as Norina; Signor Mario, Ernesto; M. Gassier, Malatesta; and Signor Ronconi, Don Pasquale, his first appearance in the character. —On Tuesday, *Don Giovanni*. —On Thursday, the *Barbiere*. —To-night, *Don Pasquale* for the second time. —The *Africaine* is announced for Saturday, the 22nd inst.

Of Mdlle. de Murska, after her great success in *Lucia*, the *Times* says:

"The appearance of the lady is marked by as powerful an individuality as her vocal and histrionic talent. The slender frame; the vacant, haggard aspect; the long, dishevelled tresses; the complexion ghastly

white; the eyes, that from the front appear coal black, and contrast forcibly with the blond chevelure, produce a singular impression as *Lucia* runs before the lamps with strange, wild gestures, pouring forth the melancholy notes which Donizetti has put into the mouth of his demented heroine."

MAYENCE.—The fifth Musical Festival of the Middle Rhine was fixed to take place on Sunday the 2nd and Monday the 3rd, in the great Hall. The principal Associations or "Vereine," announced to take part in it, were those of Darmstadt, Mayence, Mannheim, and Wiesbaden, and the principal artists: Mdlle. Melitta Alvsleben, of Dresden; Mdlle. Philippine von Edelsberg, of Munich; Herr Carl Hill, of Frankfurt; Herr Gustav Walter, of Vienna; Herr Franz Weber, of Cologne (organ); and Herr August Ruff, of this place. The chorus was to consist of eight hundred, and the orchestra of one hundred and forty persons, with accompaniment on the organ erected by Messrs. Ibach Brothers, Bonn. The whole was to be under the direction of Herr Friedrich Lux. The following was the programme:—Sunday, July 2nd, 10 1-2 a.m., Overture to *Die Zauberflöte* and Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*. Afternoon, Procession of boats on the Rhine. —Monday, July 3d, 2 1-2 p.m., Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*; "Adornamus Te," by Palestrina, and "Jesu dulcis memoria," (a capella); air from *Die Zauberflöte* (sung by Herr G. Walter); the 63rd Psalm for women's voices, with harp, horn and organ accompaniment, by Franz Lachner; and the *Lobgesang*, by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

KÖNIGSBERG, also, has had its Festival (for Festivals are the order of the day in Germany); Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* in D was the *pièce de resistance*.

But the most formidable of all must have been the SAENGER-FEST, near the end of July, in DRESDEN, of which we await an account from our own Correspondent. By last accounts, 22,000 singers were enrolled, and they were counting on 100,000 visitors.

The *solis* were to be executed by 200 voices designated in advance. An immense music hall, flanked by a restaurant not less immense, had been erected. The city was divided into 35 districts, and a special commission charged with the lodging and comfort of the guests. They even went so far as to coin a conventional currency, to serve during the Festival, so as to equalize the different kinds of money and save visitors from loss by exchange.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 5, 1865.

Ode.

TO THE LOYAL SONS OF HARVARD WHO FELL IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

[Sung at Cambridge on "Commemoration Day," July 21, to the music of the Horatian part-song by Flemming.]

"INTEGER VITÆ SCOLERISQUE PURUS."

Manly and gentle, pure and noble-hearted,
Sweet were their days of peaceful use and beauty.
—Sweeter than peace, or days, or years, is Freedom:
Thought our young heroes.

War's wild alarm drove sleep from ev'ry pillow;
Slavery, rampant, stalked athwart the broad land;
Prompt, at the call of Country and of Duty,
Flew the young heroes.

Darkly the clouds hung o'er a doubtful conflict:
—Out shone the rainbow: LIBERTY TO ALL MEN!
Lo! now a Country grand enough to die for!
—Peace to our heroes!

Rear we for them no cold sepulchral marble;
Fresh in our hearts their very selves are living,
Dearer and nearer now—e'en as God is nearest—
Risen in glory!

Cease from thy weeping, rise, O Alma Mater!
Count thy young heroes tenderly and proudly;
Beaming with holy joy thine eyes confess them:
These are thy children!

J. S. D.

Public School Festival.

The Seventy-second Annual Festival of the Public Schools of the City of Boston was held at the Music Hall on Tuesday afternoon, July 25, and in the form, so successfully observed since 1858, of a musical festival, varied with addresses, presentations, &c. The children themselves—a select twelve hundred of them, of both sexes—were the singers; an excellent orchestra and band accompanied; also at times the Great Organ, played by Mr. LANG; and Mr. CARL ZER-RAHN, for some years (in addition to all his other labors) chief of the corps of musical instructors in the schools, conducted the whole. The happy parents and friends of the medal scholars, and guests invited by the City Government or school committee, formed the audience; and of course there was not room for one in ten of those who would have felt joy and pride in being there.

We need not describe the beautiful scene, which was essentially what it has been for several summers past:—those terraces of blooming youth and beauty rising from the organ front to either gallery; the tasteful decorations of the Hall; the emblems, the banners, the bronze Beethoven in the centre of the mass of singers, &c., &c. Enough to say, it seemed more tasteful and more captivating than ever before. And the admirable order, the more than military, the fugue-like complication and precision, with which all those pleasant hosts were marshalled, school by school, from mysterious ubiquitous points of entrance and seated on their difficult and airy heights, and all so noiselessly, was in itself a model of discipline, of unity in variety, an example of manners (each one so perfectly subordinated to the whole), and a sort of lesson in what we might call musical form; the whole mass was informed with a common purpose.

But this in passing. With equal unreserve we praise the music. We have no doubt that this also was better than it has been before. There is a marked progress from year to year in the style of singing; in precision and ensemble; in prompt unanimity of attack; in right giving out of the voice and in musical quality of tone (although there is still much to be learned in this respect); and in light and shade. The intonation was almost always perfect. The leader seemed entirely master of the situation. In such a chorus naturally the boys' voices have the more *blatant* quality, for some purposes and in some degree good, but needing in the main to be subdued and civilized; their function relatively seems to be about that of the brass instruments in an orchestra, chiefly telling in the *tutti fortissimo* passages. We know not how far it is possible to overcome another somewhat disturbing phenomenon, always noticeable when the whole mass are singing loudly on a high pitch; we mean a certain sharp rough *edge* distinctly separable from the solid body of tone.—The selection of music, too, was uncommonly interesting and appropriate. Plain Chorals, in long, even notes, for the basis of singing practice, say we; and we have in past years commended the substitution, so largely, of solid Lutheran Chorals for the sing-song popular ditties which used to be the staple of all such festivals, whereby nothing was learned by the singer, and the hearer's respect for music not at all increased. But the point was gained in giving the Choral a foothold and placing it at the foundation of class practice; the art

of fairly planting and sustaining tones, a true cantabile or singing style was thus to some extent secured. But to fill with Chorals the whole programme of a public festival, upon a gala day, the glad and free hour after rigorous examinations, would make the affair tedious and heavy; whereas a Choral, coming in the midst of lighter (not frivolous) music, is as refreshing as a walk by the sea-side at sunset. Rossini therefore was particularly in place; and so were the Chorales, all the more by contrast.—This was the Order of Exercises:

- 1.—The Lord's Prayer.
- A Gregorian Chant, sung in unison by Twelve Hundred Pupils of the Public Schools.
- 2.—Invocation by the Chaplain.
- 4.—Address by the Chairman of the Festival Committee.
- 5.—Addresses.
- 6.—Trio. Rossini.
- Sung by Pupils of the Girl's High and Normal School.
- 7.—Choral. "How glorious beams the Morning Star," with Organ accompaniment.
- 8.—Addresses.
- 9.—Image of the Rose. Reichardt.
- 10.—Chorus from "Semiramide." Rossini.
- 11.—Address and presentation of Bouquets to the Medal Scholars, by the Mayor.
- 12.—The Hundredth Psalm.
- 13.—Benediction.

Of the music, what we would most willingly have spared is that Gregorian Chant to the Lord's Prayer. It keeps upon the *third* for a very monotonous length of time—an interval hard to sustain in tune so long (although it was remarkably well achieved)—and as music it is rather empty; it would have left room for one more good Choral. To one, however, who had not heard it year after year, the fresh, cool, even, wide expanse of tone, rising so calmly from twelve hundred child-like voices, must have been a beautiful surprise.

The Prayer from "Moses" seemed rejuvenated; the voices went well with the orchestra, and when the reserved boy force came in with the major of the key, the effect was very decided.—The Trio, sung by the girls of the High and Normal School, was the second of the three Trios, "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity," written by Rossini for female voices with piano accompaniment, which in this case Mr. Zerrahn had happily arranged for orchestra. The effect was delightful; the voices nicely balanced, and the quality of tone and style refined and delicate.—The fine old Choral: "*Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern*," sung in unison, with Organ accompaniment, was a new addition to their stock, and was cheerfully impressive.—"The Image of the Rose," by Reichardt, is a charmingly natural, melodious piece, which everybody enjoyed, the graceful orchestration adding not a little to the pleasure.—The Chorus from "Semiramide" is a triumphant and majestic burst of praise, which has long kept its place here in the mixed concerts of Oratorio Societies and Musical Conventions; it rang out with spirit, and the single chords ejaculated after bits of symphony were prompt, sure and unanimous.

Scholars and audience had reason to complain again of the old fault—a very tempting one—of these Festivals,—that of too much speaking. Why was it necessary that all those gentlemen should speak at all? Or any of them so long? With the single exception of Mr. Wendell Phillips, whose speech was music of another kind, more perfect in its kind, an exquisite felicity of oratory, at once enchainning every child, not excepting those of older growth; for he struck the keynote of the occasion, and every chord in every breast was responsive to the end. Excellent wisdom was discoursed also by Mr. R. H. Dana, and by our worthy Mayor, and by the Reverend Chair-

man of the Festival Committee; but it was too much of a good thing, where there was so much music.

Harvard College.—"Commemoration Day" and its Music.

The honors paid by our ancient University, on the Friday of Commencement week, to her *five hundred and twenty-eight* sons who had served in the armies of the Union during the late Rebellion, and *ninety-three* of whom had laid down their lives upon the altar of their Country and of Freedom, were all that piety, affection, gratitude, aided by taste and genius, could devise, and will remain, like the lives so nobly offered, a beautiful memory forever. All the exercises and the show of that day were in the highest degree significant and interesting. But we do not think that enough has been said of the inspiring prominence of Music among the other true expressions of the common feeling. Our academic festivals hitherto have had little to boast of in this particular. A band to march by, and to bray brass music in the church between the "parts," has been the only participation of the Divine Art therein. A teacher of singing has for some time been employed in the University,—a step very tardily and hesitatingly taken. In the hands of Mr. J. K. Paine, a thorough musician and most earnest artist, this office has acquired somewhat more importance, and the "Musical Director" of the College is making himself, his art and function more and more respected. Through him, Music as Art, and in a worthy academic sense, for the first time figured in one of Alma Mater's public solemnities, at the inauguration of President Hill. Who has forgotten the fine impression then made by a chorus from Mendelssohn's "Antigone" music, by a Lutheran Choral, and by a composition of Mr. Paine himself?

On "Commemoration Day," wider scope and more unstinted means were given to Mr. Paine, for music worthy of the occasion. A choir of sixty voices, male and female, was collected among students, graduates, members of the Harvard Musical Association, and other gentlemen and ladies of Cambridge and of Boston, and carefully drilled to sing, with orchestral accompaniment of 26 instruments, some pieces of the highest kind of music, during the morning services in the Church. The selections embraced: 1. A portion of Bach's Cantata on the Choral, "*Ein feste Burg*," consisting of the Choral sung first in harmony (Bach's) supported by the orchestra; then sung in unison, with rhythm changed to six-eight, in detached strains amid a figurative accompaniment, exceedingly impressive; and finally sung in harmony again without accompaniment;—did not the Choral seem transfigured, all the more itself in a diviner sense, in the power and beauty of Bach's wondrous setting!—2. The opening movement: *Requiem aeternam*, &c., followed by the *Sanctus*, of Cherubini's Requiem; the first a deep, sweet, solemn, tender strain of such harmony as creeps over and inevitably wakes the most religious chords within us; the second a most brilliant, trumpet toned, sublime ascription. 3. "Old Hundred," specially harmonized, with orchestral counterpoint. 4. A rich and stirring *Gloria* from a Mass which Mr. Paine has recently composed. When before has such music been known in a College in this land?

The performance was on the whole very effective, and it made a deep impression. And yet it was done under all sorts of discouragement; it was almost impossible, at this season, to gather the same singers together at any two successive rehearsals; it was hard to collect the materials of an orchestra; there was but one single chance of full rehearsal with the orchestra; and finally the organ-loft into which all these ninety musicians had to be packed was close and uncomfortable, and the place discouraging and

deadening to all music. Yet earnest effort, as the event proved, was not thrown away; the spirit of the day carried it against all obstacles; and Dr. Putnam's earnest words sank all the deeper in an atmosphere so well attuned, as did the other services; while it would have seemed strange indeed if the air did not grow musical with the touching spectacle of that array of Harvard's heroes on the stage, all with the clear light of duty done and of new life begun so unmistakable and beautiful in their rejuvenated faces.

At the dinner, under the great tent, amid speeches and poems and enthusiastic greetings of generals and admirals, and tributes to rare valor even in the common ranks, music also bore part in the shape of part-songs, sung, under the same direction, by a choir of about thirty male voices, as well as luscious strains from Gilmore's band. The part-songs were three. 1. After the President of the day, Mr. C. G. Loring, had gracefully and feelingly alluded to those whom we had met to honor, and after Gen. Devens had eloquently responded in behalf of our soldiers, "The Soldier's Oath," stirring verses by Rev. C. T. Brooks, was sung to a spirited part-song composed therefor by Mr. Paine. 2. The next speech was by our excellent Governor Andrew, who dwelt on the virtues and pure motive of the sons of Harvard who had fallen; this naturally suggested the text of the Horatian Ode: *Integer vitae*, to which the German Flemming has composed a part-song, a strain of simple, solemn, noble harmony, often sung by students to the Latin words, but this time sung to words cast in the same metre for the occasion, which will be found above. 3. After fine poems by Mrs. Howe and Dr. Holmes, a characteristic speech by Emerson, who always goes so briefly to the point, speeches by Pres. Hill, General Meade, Admiral Davis, and others, the *Russian Hymn* was sung to verses by O. W. Holmes entitled "Union and Liberty." Other fine speeches and incidents, especially a very noble poem read by James Russell Lowell, followed or preceded this. Would that we might print them all!

The part-songs suffered from the vast size of the place, the pervading and distracting noises, and the insufficient numbers of the choir. From the same cause the speeches suffered still more. Imperfectly heard, many good things seemed dull. Besides, the greatness of the occasion weighed too heavily, no doubt, on some of the surest and best speakers, making their efforts appear labored and heavier than when they speak from instant impulse. For this very reason, Music is one of the fittest kinds of eloquence for such occasions; here preparation, balking so many speeches, is the true preventive of failure.

But there was no failure that was more than trifling and of course incident to feasts on so large a scale. All praise to the Committee for the admirable skill with which the whole thing was arranged! The wonderful scene within that tent it would require a reporter with an eye, a poet, to describe; and then he would need borrow the rosy fingers of the Hours to trace its shifting beauty into sunset.

But to come back to the Music—the Moral of all this is for our fellow Alumni,—those of them who feel the worth of Music. And of those who did not feel it before, perhaps some were led to think of it by what they heard in those memorial services. We wish to ask them: Will they, after that experience, longer ignore the claims of Music among the other "Humanities" which they are ever so ready to endow within the halls of Alma Mater? And shall the College go a-begging even for the means of putting the Chapel organ in repair, so that it may be fit to second the efforts of such a man as Mr. Paine to place high Music on its proper footing in a University of such renown?

MUSIC AND SMALL-POX.—Music is turned to odd uses in these days when every one who has no real fancy seems agonizing after originality. The inauguration of the statue of Dr. Jenner, which is to take place at Boulogne towards the end of July, will be signalized in part by a "Hymn to Beauty," written by M. Elwart, in which the great discovery of vaccination is to be successively illustrated by choruses of children, young men, mothers and patriarchs.—*Athenæum*.

Our German Correspondence.

CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA, JUNE, 1865. From this loveliest of spots I cannot write you much about music, although it is by no means without its musical associations; but of its beauty I would sing an unending song. And though your Journal is nominally one of Art, I am sure that a description of one of Nature's Paradises may claim a place in it, and that your readers will not take amiss, for want of something more strictly appropriate, some account of one of the oldest and most famous watering places of Europe.

Carlsbad lies in the narrow valley of the Tépel, a gushing, sparkling little stream, which reminds one of a pretty New England "creek." It winds exceedingly, forming several right angles in different directions within quite a short distance, and its valley is in some places so closely shut in by hills, that there is room for but one level street on either bank, the backs of the houses frequently leaning against the rock. Where the basin is wider, the streets are built up in terraces one above the other, which together with the fact that the town lies along the angles of the river, the different parts being, as it were, "round the corner" from each other, gives it an exceedingly picturesque appearance. Add to this that the valley is shut in on all sides by lovely green hills, thickly covered with pine and beech woods, which in a measure dove-tail with each other, and you can imagine that the eye does not easily tire of all the loveliness that surrounds one. But if Nature has done much for Carlsbad, Art, or rather Skill, has done quite as much in its way to make Nature's work most accessible to man, and present its charms in the most favorable light. In every direction, deep into the hearts of winding vallies, running in easy zigzag to the tops of the highest hills, traversing the woods in a perfect network, following, high upon the slopes, the curves of deep, dark, wooded ravines,—everywhere, in fact, where it is possible to penetrate, there are excellent paths, as perfectly kept as in any private park. Every few rods a pretty bench, in a charming nook, or commanding a beautiful view, invites the wanderer, whether weary or not, to rest and quiet enjoyment; at all high points, or wherever there is a fine prospect, there are bastions, pavilions, or the like, and the woods are cut away so as not to hinder the view. In short, everything possible is done for the comfort and enjoyment of the visitor, in this respect, and all these arrangements are accomplished in such perfect harmony with the natural features of the region, that they do not detract in the least from its original romantic wilderness. It is said that there are 13 German miles (about 60 English) of promenades in and around Carlsbad, in a circuit of about three; and I can well believe it, for in four weeks hardly a day has passed, but I have discovered some new lovely path. The woods everywhere are beautiful, mostly free from underbrush; they are full of birds which make the air musical with their song. Now and then you suddenly come upon a lonely chapel or shrine, with a peasant, male or female, kneeling before it, absorbed in devotion. All is silent around you in these grand old woods; the song of the birds, the voice of the cuckoo calling from afar, the rushing of the treetops as they sway in the wind, the distant sound of the woodcutter's axe, or that of hills coming up from the valley; these only seem to enhance the stillness. Or go with me out into the open country early in the morning; the narrow path leads through the waving cornfields; at every few steps a lark rises up from the grain near you, and, mounting straight up towards the sky, pours forth indefatigably her exquisite song. Often the air is fairly filled with these sweet sounds, so new to an American ear, that it never tires of hearing them. The lark, the nightingale, and the cuckoo are all unknown to us, and, altogether, Europe has many more lovely singing birds than the northern part of North America, at least.

The most peculiar feature of Carlsbad, however, is its springs. There are about a dozen of them, which issue from the ground at different points, within an area of perhaps half a mile by a quarter. Their chief difference lies in their temperature, which varies from about 70° to 170° F. Their properties, principally muriate, sulphate and carbonate of soda, are alike. The main spring is the Sprudel, which rises from its artificial basin, like a fountain, in a thick jet three or four feet high, and in regular jerks, as if it were being pumped up. It is a most curious object. Close by is a bridge, beneath which the rock from which the Sprudel issues juts out into the river, covered with a variegated incrustation deposited by the water running over it from two so called "tap-holes" which have been bored to prevent forcible eruptions of the spring, such as have in former times taken place. This incrustation is found in a very short time upon everything with which the water comes in contact, however frail and delicate the object is; and it is quite common to expose small articles, such as carvings and statues of wood, alabaster or composition, baskets, and even bouquets of natural flowers or grasses, to the influence of the water for a few weeks, when they will be covered with delicate yellow or brown frostwork.

Carlsbad is very much frequented, but, as the *régime* forbids all excitement, it is not at all gay or fashionable. People live mostly in the open air, if the weather admits.* From 6 to 9 a crowd is assembled around the springs—each individual with cup or glass in hand. At the Sprudel and at another of the principal springs there is music for two hours, and good music too, performed by Labitzky's band, who spend the whole summer in Carlsbad. Three times a week the whole band (in the morning it is divided) plays at one of the coffee-saloons in the town, and twice, for a small admission, at a pretty coffee-garden about a mile off. Their execution is masterly; of course they play chiefly light music, but also a great deal that is really good. In the mornings, for instance, they will give single movements of symphonies, one day the Allegro, the next the Andante and Scherzo, and the third the Finale, or the like. You can also hear fine transcriptions, and good overtures, etc. At every other one of the admission concerts, the programme is excellent throughout, and always contains a symphony. Carlsbad lies so far off the regular route of travel that few artists come there to give occasional concerts, as in other watering places.

To return to the mode of life of the patients. After drinking from three to eight cups or goblets, at intervals of at last a quarter of an hour, they are obliged to wait at least an hour before breakfasting, which is usually spent in walking. Many walk again during the forenoon, attracted by the beautiful surroundings. Hardly any one dines at home, but *à la carte*, (after the Austrian fashion) at one of the many restaurants and hotels. The afternoon is again devoted to walking, driving, and taking "coffee" (an indispensable meal in Germany) at some coffee-garden, of which there are several dozen, more or less finely situated, in the neighborhood. One of the driving excursions is to the Hans Heiling Rocks, the peculiar grouping, and pillar-like form of which have given rise to the legend which furnishes the text for Marschner's opera of *Hans Heiling*. Schulhoff has also composed a series of Salon-pieces called "*Souvenir de Carlsbad*," each bearing the name of some favorite spot well-known to the frequenters of the place. Among these are people of all nations and from all parts of the world. Quite a number appeared in the daily list of arrivals as "from Amerika;" others from Australia, Africa, Jerusalem, not to speak of Russia, Norway and Sweden, or Greece, Turkey, and the many nearer countries. And all ranks are to be met there: from kings and emperors down to the humble peasant in national costume; young and old, rich and poor, all come to seek relief from these wonderful waters, which are said to have been accidentally discovered by the Emperor Charles IV., of Germany, on a hunting excursion, and of which chronicles still extant attest the existence over 500 years ago.

My next I hope to write you from Dresden, when I can tell you more about musical affairs, particularly about the Musical Festival which is to take place there next month.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Let thy loving mercy. (O salutaris hostia.)

Terzetto.

L. H. Southard. 35

A very beautiful trio, for Soprano, Tenor and Bass.

Latin and English words.

We are marching to the fight, love. The Hussar's parting. Claribel. 30

A Hungarian love song. Simple and easy.

Vocal beauties of "La Dame Blanche," by Boieldieu.

A Soldier's life for me. (Ach welch lust.) 40

Come, gentle lady. (Komm, O holde Dame.) 40

The Maid of Avenel. (Die weisse Dame hahn uns hören.) 30

O, house of Avenel! (Lay tön das Siegeslied.) 30

The first of these is rather the most brilliant, but each of the others has its own wild, sweet melody,—one of those which continue to vibrate in the memory long after having heard them. The last contains the Scotch air known as "Robin Adair;" but in the opera it is the commencement of a clan-nish war song, to which is affixed a melodious chorus.

The watching mother. Song. C. M. E. Oliver. 30
Contains fine words, united to a melody of classic beauty.

O, days of summer bloom. Ballad. G. Linley. 30

A song which one is tempted, at first glance, to call common-place; but on playing and singing, it wins upon one, until there is a solid satisfaction in performing and repeating it.

When I am far away from home. G. H. Lee. 30

A pleasing "home" song, with a good melody.

Home the boys are marching, or Ring the merry bells. Song and chorus. F. Wilmarth. 30

Worthy of a good place among the "return" songs, now so popular.

The war is over. Ballad. W. Kittredge. 30

Mr. Kittredge's ballads are extremely simple, but he seems to have a peculiar tact in hitting the taste of the "people," and this will probably be a popular song.

Instrumental.

The Dream. (Un Songe.) Reverie. M. Bergson. 50

Reverie sur Semiramide. J. C. Hess. 50

The above two are in the ordinary dreamy style of Reveries and Nocturnes, and are of about equal merit, the last one having the most striking melody. Both good pieces.

Reve Angélique. Berceuse. Sidney Smith. 50

A well chosen melody, varied and accompanied with semi-legato chords and arpeggios in the composer's well known style, but of a more subdued character than his brilliant pieces.

Croyez moi. (Believe me.) Melodie.

F. Baumfelder. 25

A short but very pretty piece, containing a sweet melody with accompaniment, in Nocturne style.

The Caledonian Quadrille.

Jullien. 75

A Caledonian Quadrille is simply a collection of Scotch airs arranged so that one may dance by them, and there are a number of such collections; but this is, perhaps, the best selected, and the most pleasing.

Impromptu. Op. 29. No. 1, in A♭ major.

Chopin. 50

Similar in difficulty and character to those lately noticed.

Bellagio for piano.

B. Richards. 50

One will have to refer to a musical dictionary, to find what "Bellagio" means; but Richards interprets it very prettily by his graceful notes.

President Johnson's grand union march.

G. R. Herbert. 40

Autumn leaves. Polka Redowa. A. H. Fernald. 30

Two good pieces, of which space forbids a full notice.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

